

Better Believe it (feat. Young Jeezy & Webbie)

Lil Boosie

Ladies and gentlemen it's boosie boo king of Louisiana
I been the truth if you don't know betta ask somebody
I am the show and the after party I'm stacking dough
Ain't gotta sell crack no more still on my grind
Got a lot of kids at home gotta get it on late nights
To the early morn 50 grand in my pocket like Ivan Smith
Give back to the hood like Nino Brown neck kinda freezy boy
Believe it you can playa hate but take it easy
We done got the streets me and jeezy learned from the game
How to stack the breezes got love from the hood
So it's all good er both goin eat me
And jeezy riding down the highway (zoom, zoom)
45 on side me (boom, boom) bad chick on side me (ooh, oh)
She roller coaster ride me in the projects
Where ya find I got the whole hood behind
Me my records selling out the stores
Now my money on 4s now you best believe it
They feeling me from Alaska to Tennessee
From the east to the west coast I smoke
What the best smoke we pushing Lambos, Phantoms,
And Bentley coupes now people hollerin' out
The window ay boosie you got the juice now Brick on top of brick laid my foundation
And I built my house and it was mixtape after mixtapes
And next thang you know I was running the south streets
Introduced me to the trap see that wasn't enough
I wanted the world that was round time my album dropped
And the next thang you know I was running
The world it it what it was was one of the girls
Jeezy wanted one of the girls ima super nigga need a cape
For me real street niggas can relate to me it
Would be a big disappointment
I would hate to be at the wrong place at the wrong time wrong line,
Wrong name, right car but the wrong thang, can't tell me shit
I'ma grown mane 16 years ols wit a old thang didn't eat for days
And months 2 A.K's and a box of blunts if money you want
Then it's money you get hanging wit blow it's money you get ever
Believe that I'd ever believe that I'd ever achieve what I ever achieve Stop this bitch let me tell the world some
From the bottom to the top shoulda seen that shit me
And my lil' thug gotta it from the mud every thang

I spit I really mean that shit it's crazy
Ain't it hard to explain it I done got famous
All I did was brang it savage life behind the mic now
Everybody hollerin' bout trill entertainment rest in peace
Pimp C I scream that shit every time I do shows you put me on
And I ain't forget so for my nigga
I gotta fuck 2 hoes whatever y'all mean I ain't got cream
You see me in the hood don't thank I can't leave
When I was 19 already and deal y'all other lil' niggas
Y'all jus' selling y'all dreams I ain't through yet
I done done it all got a lot of stuff I been through yet
I fucked up I ain't make it through school
Wanna see if my kids gon' make it
Through that from Miami to L.A. back to Manhattan
Where the big cake from Baton Rouge I done did it gon' ahead admit it
I'ma the shit hey and ion care what a bitch say
I'ma be like this til I get gray
And I ain't puttin' no rims on it
When it's 500 hundred it ride factory
The new album is on the way when it's tha real deal
You know you gotta wait bad ass
Goin' act a dog ass and y'all already know me

Songwriters

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